For: Sir, I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
of this towne. Now sir *Iohn* you are a gentleman of
good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies, a man
of such parts that might win twenty such as she.
Fal: Oh good sir.
For: Nay beleeue it sir *Iohn*, for tis time.
Now my loue is so grounded vpon her,
That without her loue I shall hardly liue.
Fal: Haue you importuned her by any meanes?
Foord: No, neuer sir.
Fal: Of what quality is your loue then?
Foord: Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation.
Fal: And to what end haue you vnfolded this to me
For: O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you all:
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state
Of her honesty, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her
With some detection, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice
Tearmes that shee'l stand vpon.
Fal: Why would it apply well to the veruensie of
your affection,
That another should possesse what you wold enioy?
Me-thinks you prescribe very preposterously to your
selfe.
For: No sir, for by that means should I be certain
of that which I now misdoubt. (mony,
Fal: Wel M. *Brook*, Ile first make bold with your
Next giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall
If you will, enioy *Foords* Wife.

Ford:

Foord. Oh good sir.
Fal. Master *Brooke*, I say you shall.
For. Want no mony Sir *Iohn*, you shal want none.
Fal. Want no mistris *Foord*, master *Brooke*,
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokes mate, her go betweene parted from me;
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meete her
Betweene eight and nine, for at that time the iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband will be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know
How I speed, M. *Brooke*.
Ford. Sir, do you know *Foord*? (not,
Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know him
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of Angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauoured,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cukally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.
Foord. Me-thinks sir it were good that you knew
Foord, that you might shun him.
Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: it shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lye with his wife. Master *Brooke*,
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night.

Exit Falstaffe.

Foord. What a damned Epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid: